Mike's Lonely Love Letter by brodie-wan

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Summary: Mike writes a love letter to El shortly after her departure from Hawkins.

1. Chapter 1

A/N: Mike writes El a letter mere days after she leaves Hawkins. He is now able to express what he could not in the final episode of ST:S3. Mike Wheeler is a character I like and don't like at the same time. I want him to better than we see in S3. He is a complicated guy with a complicate girlfriend in a complicated world. I hope you enjoy and I hope Mike is too OOC.

Dear El,

I don't know how to start so I'll just start. See, dumb already. My mom says that talking to you on the radio is one thing, but giving you something you can read as many times as you want would be better. So, here I am writing you a letter.

I hope you're doing okay in Indianapolis. I don't know too much about it. Perhaps you can write me back and let me know about your new house. You, know. Your new city.

How are you and Will getting-

I MISS YOU, EL! SO MUCH!

What a lot of garbage that opening was. Trying to act like things are normal being apart from you. It's not normal, El. It hurts. I hate this feeling of loneliness. I've been here before. But then it was the battle of hoping you were alive, but fearing you were dead. Worse than this, for sure. But when you aren't here, something is missing in me. Something I had no idea was missing before I met you that night in the rain. I don't know that I believe in love at first sight, but if there were a case for it, it would be you and me. That night changed things. When I saw you in that yellow t-shirt, drenched from head to toe, shaved head and all, it scared the hell out me. But the moment after that, I knew my life would never be the same. Corny enough for you? I'm sure I sound so Dorky. But it's all true. You changed my life, El. Despite everything that has happened since, I would not change any of it. Well, besides the obvious things.

Since, I've never written you a letter before, I'm going to probably

repeat some stuff. Important stuff needs to be repeated sometimes. I am so sorry about your Dad. I just can't imagine. This is why I want to be with you. To comfort you; as much as you need. No. The last thing you need is someone to protect-That's not true. That's what Hopper did. He protected you. He protected us. It's not about how much power he had. This sounds corny again, but his heart was for us. All of us. But more than any of us, his heart was for you. As much as he and I argued…I knew that. His heart was for YOU. Now that he is gone; even if he weren't, MY heart is for YOU.

I feel bad about screaming at him back when you closed the gate. You were right there. Right in front of me. I could touch you. I could smell you. Weird, right? I could hold you. But I was a jerk. A thirteen year old jerk who was more concerned about his own feelings. Moral outrage. I can see now that it was bullshit. I was wrong, El. Remember when he jerked me up off the bed and took me out the Bronco. He came down on me pretty hard. But that wasn't all. He knows more than anyone else, who we are, what has happened. He was pissed. But then we talked. He was still the adult and he would be respected, but he also listened. He loved you, El. With all he had. Everything. That is saying something. I only know what you told me about his daughter Sarah. But to come back from that and with all that came along with you, El. That is saying a lot; a whole lot about what kind man and what kind of Dad he was.

You're probably wondering if this is really Mike. It is. It's amazing how easy it can be to put your feelings on paper when, in person, your-my mouth is full of rocks. I am so frustrated by how I acted toward you. Friends do not lie, El. I lied to you. I have no excuse. I thought a small lie would not hurt. Hopper…well, your Dad had me scared. But I should have known better than to lie to you. A small lie is still a lie and we…just…don't…do…IT! My head was somewhere else. Max was right. I was taking you for granted. I was treating you like you were less than the light that inspires my days and guides me through my dreams at night. For a short period of time I went crazy. I could not remember that you are the sweetest, most beautiful, God...Angel I've ever been fortunate enough to have in my life.

Do you remember that day at the Byers' house? Of course you do. It was the day you told me you loved me, too. I was so stupid. I know

you don't like the word, but I was. Stupid. You told me you loved me when I didn't have the guts to say it back. Or say it FIRST. You gave me the chance, but all I could do shuffle my feet and shift my weight. 'UH, well, UH, yeah.' Seriously pathetic! What keeps me awake at night is the missed opportunity. I let you leave without telling you. We've even talked on the phone a couple of times and I could tell something was wrong. It was me, El. ME.

I miss you so damn much. My chest feels heavy and I can't catch my breath. It's that bad. Is it cheesy to say that you give me breath; that every moment I'm with you is electric. Even when we are just playing Uno or doing homework. Your smile kills me. Like takes my breath away.

I LOVE YOU JANE ELEVEN HOPPER!

No doubt in my mind. I love all of you. I will love you til my dying breath, which I hope is not next time I see your smiling face. Hahaha.

That kiss set me on fire. It wasn't the first, but its was the last. For a while anyway. I wish I could taste your lips again. Feel that wonderful numbness from the friction. Taste your lip balm. Smell your hair.

I LOVE YOU, JANE! The most gorgeous girl in school.

I LOVE YOU, ELEVEN! The only girl with the power to keep my heart.

I LOVE YOU, EL! My Fort Girl. My one and only Fort Girl.

Too much? I hope not.

I cannot wait to see you at Thanksgiving. I am counting the days.

I really hope things are going well for you. And Will. And Ms. Byers. Let me know if there is anything I can do.

I hope you will write me back.

Love,

Mike

2. Eleven's Reply

A/N: I had not intended to write a response from El, but inquiring minds demanded it. I hope you enjoy. I added some intentional grammar and spelling errors, and in my head cannon, El rarely uses contractions. I hope her voice rings true. Please forgive the title. I alliterally struggled for 20 minutes. :-P

Eleven's Reply

Dear Mike,

Before anything else I want you to know that Joyce helped me with this letter. She saw yours and we cried together. A lot. I had to share it with her, Mike. I had to. Will did not cry, but I could tell he wanted to. Because we were. He did not see it. Talk about your odd opening. Ha.

It is strange here, Mike. I do not like the big city. So loud and smoky. Too many people. I like Hawkins. I like the woods. There are tall buildings here. It makes me not want to go outside. There is plenty that makes me want to stay inside.

I do not want to be here, Mike. I want to be with you. I wan to be at the cabin with Hopper. I want to be at the Byers' old house. I want to me in Hawkins.

Thank you for saying those things about my Dad. I am sorry you won't know him better. I want you to know that he was a good Dad. He wanted the best for me. Under all his grumpy, he knew you were best for me. He would be happy to know that your HEART is for ME. You said that so well. I cried so hard. This is so...Joyce says the word is...cliche, but I still cannot believe he is gone. It is like being in the dark my whole life and finally seeing the light. Only to have it taken away so soon. Do you understand what I mean? If you knew him like me, you would have seen him soft. He was a grump sometimes. That's what he showed everyone outside. But at home, he more like a Teddy Bear. You probably cannot see it. Maybe you can. You know where his heart was. I think you understand.

I hope you will not be mad that I say this, but a Dad is very special. Not all Dads, I guess. But I had two Dads. Papa and Hopper. They are two extremes (Joyce said). You may not like your dad. He may not act how you want him too. I know he is not Hopper, or Mr. Sinclair, but he is not Papa either. Please do not be mad. I think you should try to know him. He may not change. But who nose, he might!

I want you to know something, Mike. It is very important. You are not stupid! Max told me what you said. She said you told everyone that you loved me. You were trying to protect me. You did not want me hurt. Being hurt seems to be part of our lives, Mike. I knew you loved me. I never doubted it. But, I wanted you to say it to me. I will not lie. My heart was in pain a little when you didn't. That is why I am so thankful for your letter. You are right. Writing lets you think about what you want to say before you say it. And, you said it very well.

I heard a song the other day. Will told me it was Chicago. I think I like them. The song is 'You're the Inspiration'. This how I feel about you, Mike. Songs can say things so much better than me.

You know our love was meant to be
The kind of love to last forever
And I want you here with me
From tonight until the end of time
You should know
Everywhere I go
Always on my mind
In my heart
*In my soul'**

I cannot remember it all. The words are hard to find. I just have to keep listening. Will asked Jonathan if he would buy the album. Jonathan said: 'Not on your life.' Sounds like Jonathan. He is such a music snob. :-)

What you said at the end of your letter was not too much. It made me warm to read the words. To see the word LOVE on the page so many times. SO BIG. Do you really think I am gorgeous? You don't have to answer. I am not sure why I asked.

Fort Girl.

I asked Joyce about this. I wasn't sure what you meaned. She smiled how she does. But sadder now. I asked why this is what you put with my name, El? She said you are still my protector. Even more now that... I can hear that. But I think...I think...I know you loved me then. Maybe not like now. But, just like you, I knew my life would never be as terrible as long as you were there.

I LOVE YOU, MIKE! The boy who saved me from the Bad Men.

I LOVE YOU, MIKE! The boy who waited 353 days.

I LOVE YOU, MIKE WHEELER! Because my heart is for YOU!

Thanksgiving is not soon enough. Some time I feel like taking a bus back to you. Like I did to see Khali. But, like I had a Dad, I have a mom now. She has been my mom, since Will. You know that, right. Of course you do. I won't do that to her. I love her, too. Mom love.

I miss you, Mike. I need you. It feels like I am sinking. No powers. No Dad. No Party. No YOU.

HA! I will have to have my own 353 days! Or just 49 days. But still, I can pine too. Like the tree. HAHAHA. That was a joke. (Thanks to Joyce).

I will see you soon, Mike. We will talk even sooner. :-P But I really like this letter writing. It will help with school. HA.

I love you for always,

El